Hymn to the Godde

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Hymn to the Godde of Silence

HAIL Hail! O awful, sage *Divinity!*
Godde of *Silence!* hail! eternal *Pow'r,*
Who knowe *Universe* was form'd,
How *Nature* first began! for thou wast then,
And startedst at the dread, creating *Voice,*
E'en then thou wast, and still thou wilt endure,
When weary'd *Time,* and *Nature* are no more;
At *De* thou again must start,
And the vast *Globe* shall fright thee with it

Thee, solemn *Being!* venerable *Queen!*
Who *Vulgar* never know,
Thee the wife *Ancient* justly did revere,
And *Temple* to thy Name devoutly raise.

Thee, *Godde* thee, at the still Noon of Night
When all is hush'd, delighted, I adore,
And the pale Moon is witne

Thee, pleasing *Deity!* the *sacred Nine,*
Daughters of *Jove,* the ble *Pierian* Maids
Pursue, and find thee oft in inmo
On Rocks remote, on shady Banks they meet
Thy kindly Aid, while *Phœbus* ever young,
Immortal *Phœbus* wake
Thy tender Ear can brook the heav'nly Sound:
Thou'rt Friend to *Music,* and harmonious *Verse;*
For tho' thou shun'st the noisy, loud *Re*

Of re Palace,
The clam'rous Camp, the dire, tumultuous Field,
And oft at the throng'd Bar art call'd in vain;
How awful yet o'er crouded Theatre
Do Johnson's manly Scene,
Shake , or moving Otway warms the Stage?

O thou, pro Quire!
Where'er thou do
Whether in De
Where yet no Path is made, nor Echoe
Frighten the Dryads from their lov'd Retreat;
Or whether, lonely, thou delight'st to stray
At Noontide on the solitary Plain,
While Flocks, and Herds, and all the rural Rout
Of Nymphs, and Swains are hid in cooling Shade
Or is the Gothic Temple's gloomy T
The dusky Cloister, or dark Cy
Thy lov'd Abode? Or do
(Hard by old Memphis, and the fabled Nile)
The empty Vault Pyramids,
Vain Monument gy 's Pride?
Or, haply, farther from the World remov'd,
On Pindus' To Atlas' hoary Crown,
Or some vast Promontory thou do
Whence scarce the angry Ocean is o'erheard,
To lash the hollow, far-re

Where'er thou'rt found, great Pow'r, vouchsafe thy Aid!

Deign visit our Retreat! the sacred *Muse*,
The sacred *Muse* with me your Hel
Of *War*, and *L* by turns we mean to sing,
Of mighty *Heroe*, and of mighty *Love*.
In vain the *God* of *Numbers* doth inspire,
In vain *A* 's Sons attempt to soar
Without thy Influence. Come, Godde
Bring with thee *Quiet*, *Contemplation*,
Poetic *Visions* bright, and *Dreams* sublime,
Such as of old great *Homer* did inspire,
Such as the Gods above themselve
Still Dreams indeed; but Dreams of mighty *Jove*.

Thus well attended, ble *Solitude!*
There nothing shall suspend thy gentle Reign,
Save the low Murmur of a distant Stream,
Exce *Philomel* complains,
Or *Cloë* tune